

## THE KING'S HIGHWAY

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

— THE ORGAN OF THE —

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## EDITORIAL

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### EDITORIAL

#### FALLEN HEROES

During the past few years our denominational ranks have been thinned by the passing of men and women who were truly great in the work of God.

The praise of good laymen in all too rarely sung, their value and worth seldom realized. When the work of the church is established and enlarged, the evangelist and the pastor are commended, and so it should be. But very often we fail to estimate the contribution made by the faithful in the pew.

To promote a spiritual programme in any community we must have the adherence and support of some people in that community. We must have men "whose hearts God has touched," whose lives He has transformed: Men who live honourably among their fellows; men who give of their means to the support of a faithful ministry; men who "follow on to know the Lord," putting God's work and God's will first in their lives.

While your Editor is youthful in age and experience, he has had the highly esteemed privilege of knowing in the Lord and enjoying spiritual fellowship with some whom he considers heroes of faith, men who fought a good fight, even to death, finished their course with joy, and kept the faith as a precious heritage for succeeding generations.

We would like to call the roll on a few of these great and useful servants of God: Frank Kimball, Silas Burt, Bertram Colpitts, Byron Brown, Charles Goodspeed, Oliver Trites, Edwin Redmond, Albert Cook, Eugene Wilcox and "time would fail me" to tell of many others who, like those mentioned, gave of their lives and their means to support the establishment and advancement of the work of holiness. Besides the men mentioned, and many others whose names come to mind with our readers, there has been a great army of holy women, true mothers in Israel, who have been just as great in spiritual service.

Through the consecrated giving of our predecessors we have many well-built, finely-furnished churches. Through their faithful testimonies and godly living we have a prestige that makes our work and message to be

accepted by the people with whom these saints have associated. Through their devoted and heavenly spirits we have life enrichment beyond estimation.

In loving and respectful memory of those who have been transferred from the church militant to the church triumphant we pen this sincere tribute:

"A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the throne of God rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed;  
They climbed the steep ascent of heav'n  
Thro' peril, toil and pain:  
O God, to us may grace be giv'n  
To follow in their train."

#### "GIRLS WILL BE BOYS"

I have become convinced that I belong to the superior sex. In fact, there seems no doubt about it. The women themselves admit it by imitating us men. But the strange thing is that women, instead of beginning on our virtues, have started out by imitating men's vices.

I have done a little fishing—just enough to know that one kind of bait will catch one kind of fish, and another kind of bait will catch another kind of fish. As a general rule, one can tell from the kind of bait the girl is using, what kind of poor fish she is angling for.

The secret of a woman's power has always been in her womanliness—not in her masculinity. I know of a girl who is an expert boxer, but I do not know of a man who wants to marry a trained sparring partner.

Someone said, "The Lord made women beautiful and foolish: beautiful so the men would love them; and foolish, so they would love the men." The modern girl who thinks she can best gain her rights by stepping down from the high ideals of true womanhood is simply mistaken. She will get some flattery, some ridicule behind her back, and certainly disappointment.

The alarming thing about this gasoline, self-starting age is that so many young women are ashamed of their best. They would rather be called good sports than good women. Liberty does not consist in being allowed to be our worst, but the right to become our best.

We have complained against "the double standard." I am opposed to it; but the only progress we have made in attaining a single standard has been the lowering of womanly standards toward those of men.

Self-respect is the finest virtue any person can cultivate. The world will never rate us any higher than we rate ourselves. We frequently hear girls complaining about the restrictions of conventions; but I don't know of many conventions that interfere with girls becoming more womanly. I do know of some that have been developed for the purpose of safe-guarding their modesty, protecting them from insults, and making their fight for chastity easier.

Chivalry and courtesy are the finest compliments good men ever pay to good women. The woman who attracts this sort of attention from a man is one who is most a woman. The woman who esteems herself common, will be accepted as such by her community. The girl who gives her high favors to every man is held in high favor by no man. She who reserves her best for one man will be respected by all.

I overheard a young woman defending her drunkenness on the grounds that she was broadminded on the subject. I do not deny any woman has "the right" to drink—but she also has "the right" to the rewards of drinking. If she has doubts as to what these rewards are, let her go down to the municipal court tomorrow, and see the crowd of drunks that come up. Look into the faces of these wrecks who have won "their rights" by long, persistent years of drinking!

One does not need to be broad to be deep. The Washington Monument is narrow, but lofty.

I have the feeling that the modern girl is being swindled—trading modesty for recklessness, chastity for sophistication, freedom for danger, womanliness for daring, and charm for cosmetics.

It is pathetic when girls will be boys. As girls, they fail; and as boys, they make themselves ridiculous.—Roy L. Smith, in Christian Advocate.

#### A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

Another great soul has left us, and passed to his eternal reward, in the person of our good deacon, Byron W. Brown, of Lower Brighton. Only those who knew him best could really appreciate his true worth. He was such a quiet, unassuming man, but was the embodiment of true Christian piety, and the soul of faithfulness and honor. He served his God, and the Church at Lower Brighton, in the capacity of deacon for over fifty years, and most of that time acted as janitor of the church without a cent of remuneration, which meant procuring fuel, lighting fires, filling cleaning and lighting lamps, cleaning and repairing the church building, feeding and entertaining the pastor, and his horse. Besides these, Brother Brown did many other things to have a comfortable house for people to worship in when they came to church.

We knew him well and favorably for about forty years. Ten years of that time we had the privilege of being his pastor, and we can truly say that our life has been enriched by our association with dear Brother Brown. Happy is the family that has parents like Byron and Lela Brown. To the bereaved ones we extend sincere Christian sympathy.

#### A LOST ART

The Scripture speaks of prayer as toil and labor. Prayer taxes all the resources of the mind and heart. Jesus Christ wrought many mighty works without any sign of effort. There are in His marvelous works the ease of omnipotence, but of His prayers it is said: "He offered up prayers and supplications with strong cryings and tears." All who have shared His intercessions have found it a travail of anguish; great saints have always been the outcome of pain. They wrestled in agony with breaking hearts and weeping eyes, until they were assured that they had prevailed. They spent cold winter nights in prayer, they lay on the ground weeping and pleading, and came out of the conflict physically spent, but spiritually victorious. They wrestled with principalities and powers, contended with the rulers of Satan's kingdom, and grappled with spiritual foes in the heavenly sphere. A lost art! Prayer has become a soliloquy instead of passion. The powerlessness of the church needs no other cause. To be prayerless is to be both passionless and powerless.—Samuel Chadwick.